

14 Husbands Her Goal - Millionaires Disqualified

WANTED—Young man to engage in marriage with handsome and brilliant girl. Poverty and ability to love only requirements. No millionaires need apply.

U H, huh, this is the little call for help she's hung over her door-step. She devised it with care, after passing through the horrors of existence as a millionaire's wife two separate times. She wants a poor young man and love now. And she's going to hunt until she finds them—even if she has to marry fourteen times.

Anyway, that's what Peggy said when she packed a tooth brush and her wounded heart and left her home by the back way one dark, dark night. She was done with millionaires, said she, fore'er, sob, sob, as she caught the midnight choo-choo for Broadway. And even as she sneezed on the dust of her little furnished room, sit-



PEGGY HOPKINS.

uated in a dim corner of the great, cruel city, she repeated that she'd thrown round her last thin, millionairish dream. She was a working girl now, and glad of it, la, la!

Peggy, understand, is the wife of Sherburne Hopkins, of Washington, a well-known young man and popular in the younger set.

Anyway, Peggy got tired of wifing with no responsibility but that of getting rid of her weekly allowance. She figured that she was leading a barren and cheerless existence, and that it was her duty to go forth seeking to answer the call which began to clamor about the time she first acquired the idea that she was doing the world an injustice by not taking her hundred and ten pounds of limp, limber form before the footlights. "Sherry" didn't fall in with her plans. That's why she left Sherry. She couldn't have her personality swallowed up in his. Besides she now has a message to give to other girls. The message is, "Why not to become a millionaire's wife."

Sherry not being the extent of her marital experience, Peggy is in position to advise. Between rehearsals—oh, yes, she got a job!—she'll fix her blue-gray eyes and her wistful smile upon a point five years ago, and she'll tell how she was a seventeen-year-old school girl in Norfolk, Va., just about then.

"I was the happiest thing in the world, my dear," says Peggy. "My family wasn't wealthy, but I had everything I wanted. And then Everett Archer, of Denver, Colorado, came along.

"I was filled full of romance. He was eight years older than I, tall, dark and handsome. He made the most divine love! He had a fortune in oil somewhere out west. He said he couldn't live without me. He promised that I'd always be the little queen of his heart, if I'd marry him.

"I thought it would be lovely to be mistress of a big, splendid establishment. I'd have more money in a week than I'd had in all my life, and this wonderful man to love me!

"So I eloped with Archer and we were married. And we were happy just a little while. Being a millionaire's wife wasn't what I thought it would be at all! Why, I was bored to death! He had his auto and his yacht and his clubs and his horses

and his gay friends. And after them all I came. That's just the way it was. I was one of his playthings, and when he hadn't anything else to do he came home to me. Oh, dear, it was awful! I left him six months after we were married and went home to mamma. I thought then that I'd learned. I hated men—poor devils! I hated them all! I was barely eighteen when I got my divorce!

After which Peggy giggled at her married friends and spent the remainder of her time singing a bit about "No Wedding Bells." But unwarily she went to Washington for a visit. And there she met up with "Sherry" Hopkins.

Sherry liked her pale gold hair and chubby face. And maybe he felt a bit of love for conquest, for she wasn't a bit backward in expressing her antimarriage views. He'd had one matrimonial experience, having married Margaret Maury, of Baltimore, in 1909. Margaret afterward married Chapple Galt and was swallowed up in the Winter Garden chorus.

Anyway, Sherry said something about exceptions to all rules and not everybody being a darn bit like the Archer person, anyway, and how nicely he'd behave in the way of love-lavishing if she'd Castlewalk toward the altar while the bells chimed the same old tune. And Peggy, trusting soul, with her eyes focused on Sherry's roll, agreed. After all, a girl can do worse than grab from the drifting stream of events a perfectly good millionaire. If the worst comes to the worst, it's always good for the front page and enough alimony to span the wall between the garage. So

they were wed at Bel Air, Md., September 1, 1913.

"And you can believe it or not, my dear," sighs Peggy Upton Archer Hopkins, "but that marriage was like the other one as two peas in the same pod! I was just one of his toys. And to make things worse, he took me to his mother's home to live, where she could watch over me every minute. And all this time he was going about just as he pleased. Wasn't that terrible?

"You see I told him very frankly that I didn't love him madly. I told him I was marrying him because he could provide so well for me. He understood perfectly and said he didn't mind at all. He thought I'd learn to love him because I'm so sensible.

"You see I was swallowed up and lost. I couldn't stand it. The wife of most any millionaire would be unhappy that way. "My husband, poor dear, I feel quite sorry for him. I daresay he will make some other woman a splendid husband, but not me. Temperament—that's it. One simply can't live with a man who is temperamentally unsuited to one. I had everything that money could buy but happiness. My husband heaped jewels and gowns and wealth upon me, but I preferred vaunderville. That he would not give me. I married Sherry because he was rich and I thought money would make me happy. Alas, when Art called me and I wanted to go out in the world and seek fame, my husband would not let me!

"I found my place in vaunderville. Of course, all I can do at present is to walk across the stage and wear some stunning gown. I have no lines to speak. But after I have grown used to the footlights I shall go in for more serious work. I shall bring an action for divorce as soon

SOUGHT to PREVENT ANOTHER TITANIC DISASTER, IS LOST on LUSITANIA

WHO is there to say now that Fate has no sense of tragic humor?

Captain J. Foster Stackhouse, distinguished explorer, geographer and scientist, impelled by the awful disaster which came upon the Titanic, sailed for Europe recently to start out on an expedition the sole purpose of which was to make it impossible for similar disaster to overtake any other ship.

And the ship he sailed on was the Lusitania, which, when it went down, carried him along with the other thousand-odd souls to a watery grave. In this tragic manner did Captain Stackhouse, his plans for the charting of all the seas of the world and his hope to bring the absolute maximum of safety to ocean travel, come to their end. It was an expedition the like of which had never been attempted and which now has been abandoned entirely.

All the seven seas of the world were to have been visited by this expedition. The finding of islands and territories never yet trodden by the feet of man, adventure and discovery in every latitude and longitude, and glory were the rewards that were offered.

The members of the expedition were to have seen civilization and savagery in every climate from the antarctic to the arctic. They were to have studied the oceans as they never have been studied before and they were to have mapped 2,500 unknown islands, rocks and reefs in the Pacific which had been reported from time to time by sailors, but never charted.

It had been planned to make the trip in the Discovery, the vessel in which Captain Scott reached the south pole, only to die on his return. For several months the Discovery had been fitting in London and was to have been brought to New York this month by Captain Stackhouse for the start of the voyage.

On its journey to New York the Discovery was to have performed a service interesting and remarkable. It was to try to discover if the

Titanic had been sunk by the tip of a submerged volcano as some newspapers think, for it has been three times reported that such a volcano existed in the vicinity where the Titanic went down. The whole bed of the ocean in the region will be plumbed and explored to discover this volcano if it exists. The Titanic met her fate in latitude 41 north and in longitude 51 west. So far back as 1816 Loup, a Norwegian, reported breakers on a rock in this vicinity. In 1827 a similar report was made by a British skipper, and in 1855 a French captain confirmed these rumors.

"It seems plausible," said Captain Stackhouse just before sailing. "The theory is that some great berg ran foul of this volcano tip and clung there. Such a berg attracts all the smaller pieces of ice, and so becomes a great foe anchored there on the pinnacle of a submerged mountain.

"When you consider that these bergs ride seven-eighths below the surface you will understand how readily it might happen. At any rate, there have been no soundings within forty miles of the Titanic graveyard so we are going out to sound the whole region and determine whether or not her destruction was due merely to a floating berg."

It was thought it would take about three weeks to perform this task thoroughly, and then the Discovery was to have sailed for New York to complete her equipment and to take on such scientific adventures as had joined her crew. This remarkable voyage of discovery would have lasted no less than six years. From New York the Discovery would have gone to the Panama canal, then through this waterway to the Pacific ocean, where its first and one of its most important tasks would have been commenced.

"Your great canal loses much of its value until a trade route across the Pacific has been explored," said Captain Stackhouse. "Those at present in use are all in the north Pacific, either from San Francisco or Vancouver to Japan direct or to Japan and Australia via Hawaii. Before the canal can be used generally by trans-Pacific steamers a safe route must be started.

"Your hydrographic office in Washington has records of 2,500 rocks, reefs, submerged banks and islands in the Pacific which appear on no map ever drawn.

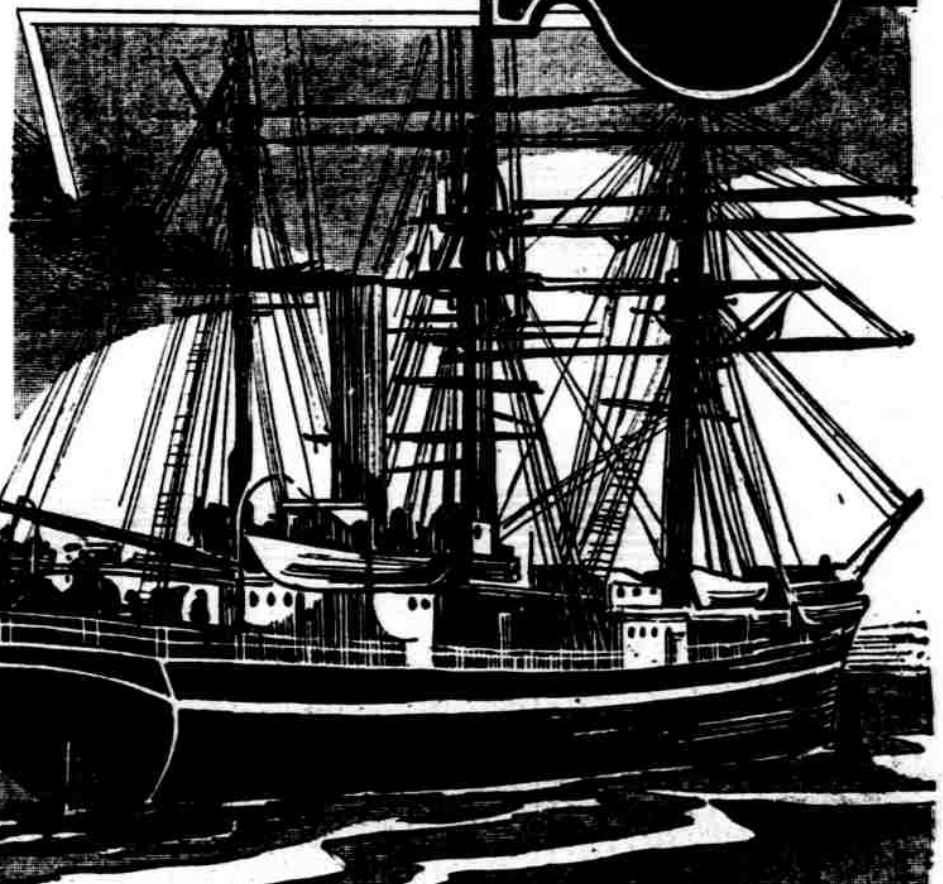
As I can complete other business matters. What? Not ask for alimony? I just guess I will. My dear, I shall ask for about \$800 a month. That won't make up for my disappointment.

"Is it any wonder that I am trying to advise the girls I know against becoming the wives of millionaires? I'm young—I won't be twenty-two until next month—but I know what I'm talking about just the same. You, little girl, with the millionaire dangling round your neck—beware! The sincere, honest poor man who works for his home and his wife is proud of the woman he marries; he realizes her value and appreciates her. He is glad to be able to take care of her. And whether the woman has been rich or poor she learns to hold his love as worth while.

"I know these things now. But I shall marry again—up to fourteen times—until I find the right man. I yearn for love—real love. My whole heart and soul call for it. I never have been loved in the way I want to be loved. And I never have been in love although I have been married twice. But I know that I am capable of

These unknown perils in the sea have been reported from time to time by skippers of every nation, and the records kept in Washington. It is easy to understand what a menace to shipping these things are. Our first business is to go over this great ocean with a fine-toothed comb, so to speak, and clear up all these mysteries. In many instances, no doubt, it will be discovered that the skippers saw a floating whale or the hulk of a wreck, or suffered from excessive imagination. But that does not matter. A reported danger is almost as costly as a real one. Every skipper gives these reported peril zones a wide berth, and steers off his course to do it. We must get all these reports substantiated or disproved. Only then will shipping be safe and economical in the Pacific.

"Just what we will discover in the way of islands remains to be seen, but it stands to reason that out of 2,500 reports there ought to be some actual islands, and some of real size and value. We may possibly find inhabited islands heretofore unknown.



CAPTAIN J. FOSTER STACKHOUSE AND THE FAMOUS EXPLORING SHIP, DISCOVERY.

We are also likely to make important discoveries of plant and animal life as yet unrecorded."

Lloyds of London, furnished the inspiration to Captain Stackhouse for this journey. It was in the form of a report which was a tabulation of the ships which had put to sea in the last three years and had never been heard of again. It showed that 136,000 tons of freight had been lost in this way. The monetary loss in freight and vessels amounted to about \$50 an hour for the three-year period.

The report did not include wrecked vessels that had been reported, but only those which had set sail and mysteriously disappeared, never to be heard from again. Uncharted rocks and reefs, according to Captain Stackhouse, were responsible.

The first object of the expedition was to prevent just such accidents as these. With the opening of the Panama canal the importance of this undertaking which was then being planned increased a hundredfold.

For exploring the Pacific ocean alone it had been decided that at least three years would be required. Some of the things that were to have been done by the expedition are as follows:

Explore and chart Smyth channel, an enclosed waterway of some 700 miles on the coast of Chile, from Punta Arenas to Valparaiso; locate and map Cape Horn, which is said by the Argentine Republic government to be sixty miles "off" the present charts; sound and map mysterious and submerged islands and banks off the point of South America; go to the Siberian sea of Okhotsk, Siberia; explore and chart numerous islands in the Chinese and Japanese seas; survey Sunda strait between Sumatra and Java to see how far the strait was choked by a volcanic disturbance of a few years ago; explore the Indian ocean for islands and reefs; explore the Antarctic ocean to trace a trade route from Australia to South Africa and India; do charting work among the Sandwich islands, the south Atlantic and in south Georgia.

The kind of men who had been asked for and who had laid plans to join the expedition met these requirements, which

loving—and loving, oh, so much! I married the two men I did because I had the foolish idea that riches meant happiness. But they don't. Life is a sort of barren existence, even though you have all the material things of life, if you aren't really loved by a man—if you aren't the largest part of his life.

"The wife of a millionaire means just another plaything for him. The wife of a poor man means life itself for him. I want to be loved and to be petted by a man who really loves me, and I don't think that any rich man, unless he is a curiosity, ever loves his wife that way.

"And, oh, dear, it feels so grand to be independent—to have your own money and pay your own way. One of the worst things I had to contend with was to be continually asking for money.

"I love the stage! After this engagement is over I plan to take a course in dramatics and some day I hope to become a famous actress. But if I meet my ideal man in the meantime and he wants to marry me—why, goodness me, I'll marry him and quit the stage!"

had been laid down by Captain Stackhouse:

"Men of education preferred. Must be sound in mind and limb. Must fit into an expedition, be of good disposition and possess courage. Thorough sportsmen are best. The expedition will need an ornithologist, an anthropologist, a geologist, a zoologist, a biologist, a magnetic observer and a meteorologist. There will be no objection if one person combines several of these qualifications. In addition, a little later on, about ten real sailors will be needed. Some have already been enlisted from the British navy, but more are wanted."

For many years Captain Stackhouse had felt that the voyage of discovery that he had planned was absolutely necessary, that there was an imperative need for it. He had had many years of hydrographical and oceanographical experience and was the veteran of many expeditions into the polar seas, including the 1911 expedition of the coast of Greenland, which he led. One of the things which he knew very well was our extremely limited knowledge about the sea.

"Of course, we have our charts, and captains are supposed to make their observations and report variations from the charts," he has said. "But suppose a captain were to spend considerable time in observing the exact location of a point which would thereby delay his time of landing for a day. What would the owners say to him?

"They'd say: 'That is very public-spirited of you, old soul, but we're not hiring you to make oceanographic investigations. Hereafter you can do that sort of thing on your own time, and we'll get another man to take our cargo into port.' What is everybody's business is nobody's business."

"Such charts as we have leave much to be desired. Against the dangers of fire and fog and rockbound coasts mariners may guard themselves with a fair chance of safety. But the uncharted rocks are quite another matter. The seas are studied with them, with rocks uncharted or labeled on the charts 'position doubtful.'"

"The seven years which the Discovery will spend in the waters of the Pacific ocean should be filled with particularly valuable services to humanity. Reports of its findings will be sent to the governments of maritime nations of the world. Its voyage will increase scientific knowledge as well as performing the more obvious service of shortening routes and decreasing risks."

The Discovery was especially built for the national Antarctic expedition under the leadership of the late Captain R. F. Scott. It was because of the European war that its new commander had come to New York to work on behalf of his expedition. He had been planning this great voyage for many years and had succeeded in interesting the governments of most nations and many private citizens.

When the war broke out, making it impossible to receive further financial support from Europe, he had secured only about one-third of the necessary capital. Yet with characteristic resource and stamina he had sought subscriptions in this country and had gathered enough money to make the trip which his untimely death has made impossible.